

Birds flew gracefully over the sea, dipping and soaring as if they belonged to the waves. A few fishermen were out in the water, casting their nets with hope. The shore stood still, silent and unmoving, watching it all.

Amid this, a man stood alone by the sea, gazing at the endless waves. Tears rolled down his face as he whispered to the sea, "How did such a beautiful world turn into this... all because of that one person?"

Four Years Ago...

Still lying comfortably in bed, squinting his eyes.

Mom: "Hey Arivu, get up! It's already late! Did you open the class? What are you even doing? Students will be here any moment now!"

Arivu (sleeping): "Just a little longer, Ma... Let me sleep. Or just cancel the class today."

Mom: "Get up, lazy! The students are coming with so much interest to learn, and look at you... lying there like a buffalo!"

Arivu (grumbling): "I don't even have the interest to teach them, but you're forcing me to open this martial arts club."

Mom (folding her arms): "Oh yeah? If you'd gone for a proper job, would anyone have handed you something like this on a silver platter? The only thing you know is to complain! You don't want to work, and you don't like what you're doing. If you had a real job, would you talk like this?"

Mom (walking toward the door): "If you're not up in five minutes, no breakfast for you!"

Arivu sighed, rubbing his face as he sat up reluctantly. The day had barely begun, yet it already felt exhausting.

A Few Hours Later...

The Martial Arts Club opened.

Student 1: "Master! Today, you have to show me your fighting skills. Don't trick me like last time!"

Arivu: "If you practice properly today, I'll show you."

Time passed as students practiced in the club.

Later, as Arivu was closing the club...

He noticed a young man lying near the club, drunk and passed out.

Arivu (mind voice): "Who is this guy? He's been lying here for days, drunk out of his mind. Doesn't even wake up or move. Well, at least he's not in the way. Let him be."

Shaking his head, Arivu left the club and headed home to eat lunch.

At Home:

Arivu: "Ma, I'm home! Is lunch ready?"

Mom was busy working at her sewing machine.

Mom: "Yeah, lunch is ready. Wash your face and come eat."

As Arivu walked toward the washroom, his mom called out again.

Mom: "Oh, by the way, some parents have been complaining about a drunk guy sleeping near your club. Go check what's going on."

Arivu: "Ma, he's just lying there quietly. He hasn't disturbed anyone."

Mom: "Hey! He's passed out right in front of your place! Just go ask him what his deal is and send him away."

Arivu: "Nothing's going to happen, Ma..." *He dismissed it and sat down to eat.*

Mom: "Fine, don't listen to me. But if you don't check, I'll go myself!" *she shouted.*

Arivu: "Okay, okay, Ma... I'll take care of it." *Continues eating.*

Time Passes...

Arivu gets ready for the gym.

At the Gym...

Gym Owner (Karthik): "Hey, Arivu! What's up? You're early today."

Arivu: "Yeah, Karthik, class ended a little early today, so I came straight here."

Karthik (raising an eyebrow): "Oh? Did the class end early... or did *you* end it early?"

He asked with suspicion.

Arivu heard Karthik's words and looked at him with a smirk.

Karthik playfully tapped Arivu's head.

Karthik: "Your mom gave you such an easy job, and even that you're not handling properly."

Arivu: "For now, the salary I get is enough for me and my mom. But in the future, I'll have to look for a real job."

Saying this, he lowered his head slightly.

Karthik let out a deep sigh.

Karthik: "Alright, if you ever need help, just ask. Now go do your thing."

He patted Arivu's shoulder and turned his attention to other customers.

After finishing his gym workout, Arivu walked to the market to buy vegetables. On his way, he noticed a family laughing and enjoying their time together. Watching them, he felt a sudden ache in his heart, thinking about his own situation.

When he reached home, he handed the vegetables to his mother and walked toward the hall. His eyes fell on his father's framed photo.

Arivu (mind voice): "We could have been happy too... Just like that family."

At Dinner...

They both sat down to eat.

Mom: "Shall we go out this Friday?"

Arivu: "No, I have an interview to attend."

Mom: "Why won't you listen to me? The martial arts club is doing well, and more students are joining. They believe in you, but you refuse to take it seriously. If you just focus on it properly, it's more than enough for us to live on."

Arivu: "No, Ma. That won't work. Martial arts is for self-defense—it's meant to be learned by people with good intentions. If everyone learns it, it could become a danger instead of protection. I'll get selected in the interview and then close the martial arts club for good."

His mom let out a deep sigh.

Dinner ended in silence.

Later, Around 10 PM...

Arivu lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking about leaving everything behind.

Meanwhile, in the city...

Kargathapuram - Pub

Two men ran out of the pub, screaming in fear. As they reached for the door handle, a hand grabbed their shirts from behind. Before they could react, they were yanked backward and slammed onto the ground. A sharp pain shot through their bodies as their faces hit the cold floor.

One of them barely managed to open his eyes. Through his blurry vision, he saw that both of them were tied up. Their hands were bound tightly, and they were slumped against a sofa. In front of them sat the man who had beaten them, calmly watching as his men surrounded them.

As the two regained consciousness, one of the attackers casually set down his glass of alcohol on the table and spoke

???: "Do you know why I hit you?"

Injured Man: "We don't even know who you are! Why did you attack us? What do you want from us?"

???: "Do you know the name *Malhotra*?"

The moment they heard that name, fear flashed in both their eyes.

???: "I am his son—Dev."

Dev: "Now, do you understand why you're here?"

The injured men looked at each other, their fear growing.

Injured Man: "Sir! We didn't do anything to you! Please let us go!"

Dev: "*Varun*, bring the report."

Varun quickly retrieved the report and handed it to Dev.

Dev: "Do you know what this is? This is the police case you filed against my father."

Injured Man: "Sir! Your father tricked us and took our land. That's why we filed the case!"

Dev: "*Varun*, is that true?"

Varun: "No, boss. According to the lawyer's report, your father bought the land legally by paying them properly."

Dev's eyes darkened as he glared at the two men.

Dev: "So, what do you have to say about this report now? If you wanted money, you should have asked for it properly. But you chose to destroy my father's reputation instead."

He turned to Varun, his voice cold and sharp.

Dev: "Write them a cheque for whatever amount they claim they lost. But if they try anything again... kill them."

His words sent a chill down their spines as they gulped in fear.

The two men, trembling with fear, took the money and hurried away, never looking back.

A while later...

Varun: "Boss, I gave them the money and sent them off. They won't dare cause any more trouble."

Dev nodded silently.

Varun: "But boss, we could have just scared them off. Why give them so much money?"

Dev: "Money doesn't matter to me. My father's reputation does. I didn't want them to walk away thinking they were victims. I wanted them to know I let them go."

Dev: "Varun, get the driver ready. I need to go to Billy's place."

Meanwhile – At Malhotra's Mansion

In a grand, luxurious mansion, Malhotra sat comfortably with a drink in hand. Across from him stood his assistant, Nethra.

Malhotra: "How's our plan coming along?"

Nethra: "Boss, just like you instructed, we've taken over the lands from the poor. The lawyer has prepared all the necessary legal documents. Construction can begin next week."

Malhotra smirked and took a sip of his drink.

Malhotra: "Good. Make sure neither Dev nor Selvi finds out about this."

Nethra gave a confident nod.

Nethra: "No worries, boss. I'll handle everything."

Unknown Location

A single dim light flickered in the underground room, casting long, eerie shadows on the damp concrete walls. The air was thick with tension, the silence broken only by the distant hum of a ventilation fan.

At the center of the room sat a man, his wrists and ankles bound tightly to the heavy wooden table. His breathing was slow but steady, his expression unreadable despite the situation.

A voice, deep and commanding, cut through the silence like a blade.

Unknown Man: *"01... Is the data secured?"*

There was no urgency in his tone—only cold, calculated patience, the kind that sent a chill down one's spine.

From the darkness, a figure stepped forward, the faint glint of a metallic wristband catching the dim light.

01: *"Yes. Everything is in place."*

He paused for a moment, then exhaled slowly, his voice firm yet laced with anticipation.

"This Friday... we execute."

The unknown man leaned back in his chair, his fingers tapping rhythmically against the table. A slow, satisfied smirk curled on his lips.

The clock was ticking.

Next Day – 5 AM

Arivu's eyes slowly opened as he woke up to the still silence of dawn...

Arivu picked up his mobile and noticed a message: **"Your Friday interview has been rescheduled."** He furrowed his brows in mild frustration.

Deciding to buy milk, Arivu first checked the small shop near his house, but the shutters were down. Letting out a sigh, he turned back, grabbed his motorcycle keys, and headed toward the town market.

After purchasing the milk, he was making his way home when he noticed a young woman walking along the roadside. The morning breeze gently played with her hair as she carried a bag filled with fresh groceries.

Suddenly, the roar of an approaching car broke the silence. Arivu barely had time to react before the vehicle sped past him, too close for comfort. The woman gasped, stumbling

slightly as the wind from the speeding car hit her. Her grip on the bag loosened, and in an instant, the vegetables scattered across the ground.

Arivu instinctively pulled his bike to a stop. Without hesitation, he got down and started picking up the fallen vegetables, brushing off the dust as he placed them back in the bag.

He handed it to her, his gaze meeting hers for a brief second.

Arivu: "You okay?" *he asked.*

She took the bag with both hands, her fingers trembling slightly.

Woman: "Thanks." *still shaken.*

Arivu: "It's okay. Be careful."

Without another word, he got back on his bike and rode away.

Later...

The same woman returned home, set down her bags, and immediately fed her pet puppy before starting to prepare a meal. After a while, she locked the house and headed out.

Arriving at the School

She greeted an elderly man.

Woman: "Hi, Grandpa! Good morning!"

Grandfather: "Ah, Shalini! Good morning. You're early today—almost half an hour ahead of schedule!"

Shalini: "Nothing, Grandpa. Today, there's a science exhibition at school, so I need to get there early and help set things up."

Grandpa: "Oh, that's great! Congratulations to your students. I'm sure they'll do well."

Shalini smiled: "They will! I have faith in them. But what about you, Grandpa? Is your back pain any better? You mentioned it a week ago."

Grandpa let out a small sigh and shook his head: "It's still the same, dear. What can I say? Old age catches up with us. This is how it's going to be now... We just have to learn to live with it. Sooner or later, I'll have to go where everyone eventually goes."

Shalini's expression turned firm: "Don't say things like that, Grandpa. You'll be around for a long time, happy and healthy!"

Grandpa chuckled softly: "Alright, alright. Now, go focus on your work. You've got an exhibition to handle—I'll be fine."

Shalini gave him a warm smile before hurrying off, her heart filled with determination.